



The second part of Henry the fourth,
continuing to his death, and coro-
nation of Henry the
fift.



Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

RPen your eares; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor speaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping West,
(Making the wind my poste-horse) still vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall slanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with false reports,
I speake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the smile of safety, woundes the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, swolne with some other grieffe,
Is thought with child by the sterne tyrant Warre?
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by surmizes, Iealousies coniectures,
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anethomize
Among my houshold? why is Rumor here?

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